retirement to remark that the two were clearly in direct opposition, Christ's teaching being, ' "What is mine is thine," and the teaching of Socialism, "What is thine is mine." ' Others took a less simplified view, some, like the Rev. Conrad Noel and the Dean of Canterbury, boldly claiming that Christ was a revolutionary Socialist; while Mr. Middleton Marry, proposing to take Anglican Orders, hopefully envisaged a synthesis of Marxism and Christianity under the auspices of the Church of England.[7] St. Paul and St. Marx, he argued, were labourers in the same vineyard; both looked forward to a millennium, the one after death and the other after the Proletariat's final triumph, and it required only a trifling adjustment to reconcile their two visions. Such attempts to vest Socialism with the moral authority of Christianity were matched by attempts to vest Capitalism with the moral authority of Socialism. Was not taxation a convenient form of the confiscation Socialists demanded ? the wealthy pleaded, and were inclined to apologise for their possessions, unless they were very large. 'The Christian Church . . . has never taken the rigid view that the poor are saved and the rich are lost as such/ the writer of the weekly religious article in *The Times* mildly contended. The comfortable conviction that wealth was the reward of virtue, was sustained with difficulty, or not at all. Wealth was a lottery-prize awarded to the quick-witted and the fortunate. Its possessors were endowed with glamour, but not sanctity. Photographs of the aged John D. Rockefeller until his death appeared in newspapers each year on

his birthday, along with an account of the elaborate and expensive precautions taken to keep him alive: toothless, withered, a gilded skull, he symbolised the power of money, something to be feared, envied, fawned upon, rather than venerated. Similarly, the matrimonial and other adventures of Miss Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, were eagerly followed, her photograph often reproduced, and her way of life often described; but the curiosity which pursued her was relentless and loveless. She was a prodigy. Wealth's glow, once seemingly benign and

[7] IB *The Defence of Democracy.*